

A  
COMMISERATING  
E P I S T L E

TO

1486ccc. 16.

JAMES LOWTHER,

EARL OF LONSDALE AND LOWTHER,  
LORD LIEUT. AND CUST. ROT. OF THE COUNTIES  
OF CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.

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BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

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A NEW EDITION.

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*Quid sentire putas omnes, CALVINE, recenti  
De scelere, et fidei violatæ crimine? Sed nec  
Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris  
Jacturæ te mergat onus; nec rara videmus  
Quæ pateris; casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam  
Tritus, et è medio FORTUNÆ ductus acervo.*      JUVENAL.

What think'st thou, LONSDALE, that the world will say  
Of this d-mn'd verdict at CARLISLE to-day?  
Faith simply this—"A flea-bite, and that's all—  
"A loss that will not swallow LOWTHER-HALL:  
"A trick of FORTUNE that we often find:  
"A trick that plainly proves the GODDESS blind."

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DUBLIN:

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M.DCC.XCII.



## A R G U M E N T.

*The NOBLE EARL, as naturally in pursuit of his COAL as a Sportsman of his HARE or FOX, happening in a Coal-chase to undermine a parcel of Houses belonging to the Lord-knows-who, of WHITEHAVEN (no Voters perhaps for a Borough or a County), but particularly of a Mr. LITLEDALE—what does this insolent LITLEDALE, but complain!—Nay, not contented with complaint, he insists upon it that his LORDSHIP has no right to pull down his house about his ears—nay, what is still worse, the Fellow brings an Action, absolutely brings an Action against his LORDSHIP—nay, what is still more horrible, the Knave gets a Verdict in his favour—and, what is more atrocious still, the Villains of the town and neighbourhood illuminate their houses, as if for the Birth-nights of our Beloved KING and QUEEN, and exhibit equal symptoms of joy. Notwithstanding this saucy opposition to their GREAT SUPERIOR; notwithstanding the wicked Action; notwithstanding the vile and unnatural Verdict; notwithstanding the triumphant Illumination and brazen-faced Delight on the occasion; how sublimely his LORDSHIP behaves! Though he most spiritedly suspends his Coal-works for a time, to shew the power of his vengeance; lo, he promiseth to open them again, on condition he has full liberty to undermine any houses that may impudently stand in the way of his Coal for the future—What an act of Humanity! partly for the benefit of Himself, a poor Individual; but principally for the advantage of the Town and Neighbourhood of WHITEHAVEN! Who, besides his LORDSHIP, would have done this? It is too humane—it is too great*

—for



## A R G U M E N T.

—for as it has been observed by some celebrated DIVINES, that a man may be over-righteous, so verily may a GREAT PEER be over-forgiving.—Such is the ground of my EPISTLE to LORD LONSDALE—and, for the advantage as well as amusement of Posterity, I have subjoined the Letters that passed between some of the People of Whitehaven and his LORDSHIP: they are curiosities that ought to be preserved amidst the archives of Submission, Generosity, and Literature.





TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

*The humble Representation of the Merchants and Inhabitants  
of the Town of WHITEHAVEN,*

SHEWETH,

THAT by the unfortunate accident which has lately happened in your Lordship's coal-mines at or near this town, by the shrinking of the earth, the dwelling-house and offices of Mr. *Henry Littledale*, together with divers other houses, having been injured; and Mr. *Littledale* having commenced an action at law, and obtained a verdict against your Lordship to recover damages in respect thereof—we are induced to offer, and we do hereby engage and promise, to answer and pay to your Lordship, on behalf of ourselves and the town at large, such costs as your Lordship has been put to on account of the said action, or may expend in getting the same verdict annulled and set aside; as also, all such damages and costs as may be occasioned to your Lordship thereby, or by any future prosecution respecting any houses which have been injured; or to have things put into such a state, as if no such accident had happened, nor any prosecution had been commenced on account thereof. And we humbly hope your Lordship will be pleased to take into consideration the melancholy situation which we and the other inhabitants of Whitehaven at present are in, from the apprehensions of the dreadful consequences which will attend the putting a stop to, or any suspension of, your Lordship's works; as the same must cause the entire ruin and destruction of the whole town. We therefore most earnestly solicit and implore, your Lordship will, in your great goodness, accept this our offer  
and

and engagement, and avert the dreadful calamities and distresses that must otherwise most inevitably befall us.

[*This was signed by 135 persons.*]

Lowther, Sept. 16, 1791.

SIR,

I have received the representation signed by you ; and must say, that you merit the thanks of every person interested in the welfare of the town and harbour of Whitehaven, and of the well-wishers of the prosperity of the county at large. I am sorry to say, it appears to me, that some of those persons who have not signed the paper, seem to be waiting an opportunity to take an unfair advantage, and, by the determination of some future Jury, to ruin *you, myself*, and the town, and detriment the country.—In my present situation, it is most necessary for me to act, as the verdict of the Jury of Carlisle has expressed it, *with caution* ; and you can easily judge, in the present circumstances, how cautious I ought to act ; and that it is absolutely requisite, for the safety of my own property and yours, and for the restoration of trade, hereafter to suspend the working of my collieries ; except every person concerned will guarantee his own property. Accidents, happening from wilful or malicious conduct, and not necessary for the working of the mines, I do not include in the exception.—I cannot think of involving you in the calamity that might be brought upon me either by the malice or artifice of my enemies.

I acknowledge your just idea of the verdict, in thinking that I ought not to have been liable to the damage ; and permit me to say, that I am as much impressed with a due sense of your kindness in the offer of entering into engagements to pay all costs and damages which I have

or



or may sustain by Littledale's action, or that I may expend or be put to by this or any future prosecution, as if I accepted of it; and though my sentiments and feelings will not allow me to receive it from your hands, this proffer you make will ever be retained in my memory as long as my life shall last. I am happy in being able to acquaint you, that new actions will be brought, for the purpose of again trying this affair, which is of such great magnitude to the public; and I trust, and hope, that they will be so conducted as to have a fair and speedy determination; by which means, only a temporary stoppage will be put to the works, and a termination of the guarantee.

I am, Sir,

LONSDALE.

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*To the Right Hon. Lord LONSDALE.*

WE beg leave to offer to your Lordship our most unfeigned thanks for your Lordship's answer to the representation sent to your Lordship, and for your expressions of regard to the welfare and prosperity of this town, and the county at large. We desire to express our *deep* concern that your Lordship had reason to suppose any of us, from not signing the representation, waited an opportunity to detriment the town; and to assure your Lordship, on the contrary, that if any difference of opinion arose amongst us, it was only in the mode of conveying our sentiments to your Lordship, which have ever been unanimous for the prosperity of this town in particular, as well as the county at large; both of which

we



we are truly sensible how much it is your Lordship's wishes and endeavours to promote. We lament the difficulties arising to your Lordship from the late verdict in carrying on your great and extensive works; and when we reflect, that only a temporary suspension of them would not only deprive many thousands of industrious poor of bread, but endanger the entire ruin of the town, we most humbly implore your Lordship will continue the working of them under a guarantee, which we intreat your Lordship to accept from each of us, of our own property, (accidents happening from wilful or malicious conduct, and not necessary for the working of the mines, excepted) until this affair, which is of such great magnitude to the public, is fully determined; for which purpose we are happy to be informed new actions are to be brought; and we have the most firm reliance on your Lordship's great goodness, that they will be so conducted as to bring this very important business to a speedy and happy issue.

That your Lordship may long continue to enjoy health, prosperity, and every other earthly happiness, is the sincere and fervent prayer of

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COMMISERATING

E P I S T L E

TO

L O R D L O N S D A L E.

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**W**HAT, LONSDALE! after all thy ranting, tearing,  
High threat'ning, heft'ring, bullying, kicking, swearing—  
What! THOU, the brazen BULLY that bestrode  
Triumphant Navies and the roaring flood,  
Yield to the anger of a tiny *Town*,  
Who oft hast frighten'd *Counties* with a frown!  
A set of smutty Colliers mock thy pow'r!  
A Hogstye lord it o'er a lofty Tow'r!  
A few blind Mice, in little league ally'd,  
Ye Gods! o'erturn a Pyramid of Pride!

Shades of the LOWTHERS, arm'd with vengeance,  
rife,  
And shake this LONSDALE, who his birth belies.

B

Shock'd

Shock'd at his weakness, HISTORY turns pale,  
 And madly tears the leaf that holds the tale.  
 Look through the desert of five hundred years!  
 Lo, not a LOWTHER virtue *once* appears.  
 Then why to FAME's fair volume madly rush,  
 And give thy poor old ANCESTORS a blush?  
 Ah, do not so unfashionably dote,  
 And stitch *one* spangle on an old black coat.  
 Let not *one* act *ten thousand* acts upbraid!  
 A farthing candle midst a world of shade,  
 But grant a *solitary* deed—achieve it—  
 Pray who the Devil, LONSDALE, will believe it?  
 Thus will the Nation with one voice exclaim—  
 “ A LOWTHER do an act of virtuous fame!  
 “ When from a LOWTHER did a Scyon shoot,  
 “ A LOWTHER Trunk not rotten at the root?  
 “ Expect much sooner, Nonpareils from Crabs,  
 “ Honour from Thieves, and Decency from Drabs.  
 “ HORACE declares, (a Bard whom all approve)  
 ‘ The Vulture never breeds the tender Dove.”

Learn, LONSDALE, learn AMBITION's spur to feel,  
 And snap, like Mites, a million at a meal.

See yon proud OAK, whose dark'ning branches spread  
 High o'er the Rills that course the pebbled bed!  
 With what humility those Rills salute,  
 And trembling wind around his rugged root;  
 Like busy Slaves, their little stock afford,  
 And creeping, kissing, feel their frowning Lord!  
 Mark, too, around that Oak's majestic pride,  
 The Pismires crawling up his channell'd side;  
 And mark his shelt'ring limbs, support of fowl,  
 The Wren, the Hawk, the Cuckoo, and the Owl.  
 Say, LONSDALE, canst thou not resemblance see,  
 Resemblance *strong* between that Oak and Thee?  
 Why be a Willow then, and meanly bend?  
 Why bid the LOWTHER blood in LONSDALE end?

How!



How! has thine HEART dismiss'd its lordly state,  
And op'd to PITY's cry its iron gate?  
Or is that Heart, which soar'd o'er Man, sublime,  
Struck by the palsy hand of envious TIME?

Say, does REPENTANCE wound thee?—'tis a driv'ler  
Despise that *thing* call'd MEEKNESS—'tis a sniv'ler,  
With pious sentiments, forsooth, who glows,  
And kisses the vile hand who deals her blows,  
Spurn at FORGIVENESS, that e'en fears to *chide*,  
And keep again the company of PRIDE.

Go herd with BRUDENELL, who with *Bardolph* face  
Scowls high contempt on all th' *untitled* race:  
Go herd with LEEDS, in native pride so stable,  
Who scorns to let his Mother \* sit at table:  
Herd with the DAME of BLENHEIM, † of hard lot,  
Whose Pride lies poison'd by the lovely SCOT;  
Mad that the MARLB'ROUGH blood, where Honour  
reigns,  
Should join the puddle of a Sawney's veins;  
Herd with the *lofty* 'Squire of Strawb'ry-hill,  
Whom Genealogies with rev'rence fill;  
Who on no threads of life a value puts  
That are not fairly spun from WILLIAM's guts,  
How great in HORACE thus to rev'rence *Birth*;  
HIMSELF a well-known clod of *common* Earth!

What, LONSDALE, melted down thy ruthless rage?—  
With Dæmons *once* thy spirit dar'd engage,  
Spat on the MOB that FREEDOM's ensigns bore,  
Smil'd at his storm, and mock'd his thunder-roar!

\* POOR MISTRESS ANGUISH has been refused, in form, the honour  
of a Knife and Fork near her most exalted Daughter. "*Nimium os  
orede colori*:" the Duke is by no means so *soft* a Man as he *looks*.

† Lady SUSAN STUART, equal in good qualities, beauty, and ac-  
complishments, to any of the *Spencers*, is presumed, by her union  
with her Son, the Marquis of *Blandford*, absolutely to have defiled  
the Family.

Fac'd

Fac'd keen CONTEMPT, and MURDER's sanguine eye,  
 And horsewhipp'd whining MERCY to her sky.  
 How art thou sunk! how wither'd!—Loft, I fear.  
 Where is the LOWTHER spirit—tell me where?—  
 Speak, can the Ghost of CONSCIENCE haunt thy mind?  
 Hear'st thou the call of DEATH in ev'ry wind?—  
 Lo, RESOLUTION to thy terror turns,  
 And o'er the skeleton of MANHOOD mourns!  
 Go, WONDER, to Earth's utmost limits fly,  
 And say, if aught like this e'er stretch'd thine eye.

Rouse! and let "Richard be himself again!"—  
 Forge, forge anew OPPRESSION's galling chain;  
 Strip o'er his ears bold OPPOSITION's Skin,  
 And bid with gags the mouth of FREEDOM grin.  
 Bid the dark Furies all thy bosom steel,  
 And *Cumberland* afresh thine anger feel:  
 Yes, yes, of *Cumberland* the Comet, blaze,  
 And crab-like, roast her Rascals with thy rays.  
 Stretch o'er the shrinking towns thine arm of pow'r,  
 And, Hydra-like, their croaking Frogs devour.  
 Show that thy breath, like ENVY's, baleful blows:  
 A canker be, that kills the lovely rose.  
 Prove how a rising Country can be curst,  
 And bid with spleen old NERO's spectre burst.

How pleasing to thine eye should be the Band  
 That happy fatten'd on the fertile land;  
 Forc'd Cain-like off, where FAMINE sucks her nails,  
 To starve, or hunt the wall and hedge for snails—  
 Thus triumph—"Shall DOMINION's ensigns sink,  
 " And to a beggar's rag, a malkin sink?  
 " What! shall the *Vulture*-wing, that scour'd the sky,  
 " Sneak to a *Bat*'s, that shuns the public eye?  
 " JOVE's BIRD (the thunder from his talons torn)  
 " Turn *Owl*, to cry 'Tee-whit' in some old barn?  
 " What! *I*, through OPPOSITION's furly furge  
 " Who boldly dar'd so oft a passage urge,

" Cry

" Cry out at last, ' Help, help'—to Fear a slave,  
 " Pale, panting, puking, spent beneath the wave?  
 " Shall RESOLUTION that defied a *world*,  
 " Oppos'd by *Pigmies*, from his height be hurl'd?  
 " Those *Pigmies* o'er the huge MAN MOUNTAIN  
     *" straddle,*

" Or, laughing, rock the GIANT in a *cradle*?  
 " No, low-bred villains—nought my pow'r controls;  
 " I'll hunt you all like vermin through your holes;  
 " Out, root and branch—men, women, dogs and cats;  
 " Run children from the ruins just like rats:  
 " Writhe into earth, like worms, and fear my frown;  
 " For, d-mn me, all your houses shall come down.  
 " Wretches, your heads are in the Lion's jaws;  
 " Off with them—LONSDALE dares defy the laws.  
 " What though it thins my purse, it feeds my spleen;  
 " So, Scythe of DESOLATION, sweep the scene."

Such is the glowing language thou shouldst hold,  
 And nobly emulate thy SIREs of old.  
 For speech like this (too weak the voice of FAME)  
 The mouths of Cannon shall convey thy name—  
 Such threat'ned deeds of hostile, godlike ire,  
 Should travel only on the wings of fire.

Shall PITY be an inmate of thy breast:  
 No, be a Grinding-stone its rugged guest.  
 Why should a Virtue, Man, thy mind bewitch?  
 Lo, GENEROSITY was never rich.  
 What! woo the VIRTUES!—of the world the sport—  
 Nay, worse, who dare not show their nose at COURT!

What gives the general wish for pow'r to glow?  
 'To look contemptuous on the world below;  
 To bid *that* World bow down, admire, adore,  
 And grind the fallow faces of the Poor.

Ask, to the Forest-Laws what man gave birth?  
 A *Nimrod*, lo! a lofty Lord of earth!

Yet



Yet why should Hares, and Partridges, and Grouse,  
 Alone be ravish'd from the Farmer's house?—  
 Go, LONSDALE, get an Act to raise thy fame,  
 And make the Farmers' Wives and Daughters GAME.

Whence, on a sudden, dost thou thus inherit  
 This soft, forbearing, lamb-like, dove-like spirit?  
 I saw sharp VENGEANCE tip-toe in thine eyes:—  
 How comes it that the threat'ning spirit dies?

Yet, yet I see the feudal times return,  
 When Tyrants bid in chains the million mourn;  
 When Slaves, to GRANDEUR crouch amidst the dust,  
 And HAVOCK roams, to please the ruling lust;  
 When PRIDE as calmly from the shoulder plucks  
 The heads of Vassals, as the heads of Ducks.

Curse on the Liberty of modern days!  
 Again let Pow'r her rod of iron raise.  
 Hang the French Dogs, a mangy, mongrel cry,  
 That, running riot, on their Huntsman fly!  
 How are the sacred robes of GREATNESS rent!  
 KINGS and NOBILITY fall'n *cent per cent*!

Sure, LONSDALE! thou art not too weak to know  
 From general riches what misfortunes flow.  
 Wealth for delicious Slavery spoils a Nation—  
 Adieu at once to Gods and adoration.

Say, would you bid the under-world adore,  
 Crouch, flatter, tremble?—Keep the rascals poor.  
 Tyrannic, would you wish to cut and carve 'em?  
 Their backs are at your service—only starve 'em.  
 Give them but money, quick uprise the knaves,  
 Forgetting in a moment they are slaves.  
 Lost to the meanness of their former station,  
 The scornful upstarts damn their occupation.  
 Lo, the proud BLACKSMITH, late a slave to coal,  
 To *honours* turns his elevated soul!

The

The cross-legg'd TAYLOR, lo, forgets his peers;  
 Kicks his old goose, the knave, and breaks his sheers!  
 The SHOW-MAN scorns poor PUNCH, his late support,  
 And straw-stuff'd LADIES of th' Arcadian Court;  
 This quits his Camel—that, his conj'ring Hogs;  
 And KINGS no more can dance with Dancing-Dogs\*.  
 Grant wealth—No more the humble Cobler cow'rs;  
 But boldly deems *his* blood as rich as ours,  
 And blasphemously thinks th' Almighty's plan  
 Ordain'd no diff'rence between Man and Man.  
 Such, is the sad effect of wealth—rank pride—  
 Thus, mount the beggar, how the rogue will ride!

Parent of INSOLENCÉ is WEALTH, I ween:  
 Then 'mid thy neighbours let her not be seen.  
 'Tis POVERTY that forges curbs for men,  
 And tempts *divine* OPPRESSION from her den.  
 What folly, then, to let thine host repose,  
 To suffer *Cumberland* to lift the nose!  
 Down with their hosts, and horsewip them like dogs!  
 Styes be their beds, their food the food of hogs.  
 Keep famish'd, sons and daughters, fathers, mothers;  
 Nor let them beat in trade their grinning brothers;  
 Iberian monkeys, that, to bus'ness bred,  
 Well pleas'd, for *maravedes* † hunt the head.

To India's hist'ry turn thy happy eyes,  
 And bid a second scene of horrors rise.  
 By Britons led, did FAMINE's spectre train  
 Pour devastation on the fair domain.  
 What humbled victims sunk beneath the strife!  
 What thousands, tott'ring, snatch'd at parting life!

\* It is an undeniable fact, that a certain great King (it is said, for the diversion of his *children only*) held out the skirts of his coat, and danced a minuet on Windsor Terrace, some years since, with one of the CANINE FIGURANTES.

† A very small Spanish coin, much inferior in value to a farthing.

Nought

Nought could, alas ! their suppliant hands avail :  
 In vain each feature told a starving tale ;  
 On those rich heaps that rose beneath their care,  
 Their eye-balls fast'ning in a deadly glare.  
 There hadst thou seen the fallow Babe distressed,  
 Hard clinging to a dying Mother's breast ;  
 Beating that breast with little, peevish cry,  
 Its plumpness wither'd, and its fountain dry :  
 Such was the scene, whilst ev'ry night, to sup,  
 The Jackalls left their woods, to eat them up.

HUMANITY'S a pigeon-hearted fool,  
 Soft, puling, as the girl at boarding-school,  
 That alms upon the begging wretch bestows,  
 And learns to sorrow at the tale of woes.

Where is Ambition ? Dead ?—It never dies—  
 Brutes, insects boast it—elephants and flies.  
 The Horse would rather the blood-spur should gore him,  
 Than let a fellow-trav'ler pace before him :  
 And lo the Spaniel !—when the master cheers  
 A brother, with what jealousy he hears !  
 Unblest, attention how he tries to raise ;  
 Paws for a gentle pat, and whines for praise !

Eye Nature through, and mark the arm of Pow'r—  
 The Great unceasingly the Small devour.

Blest on a dainty dish of Flies to dine,  
 Lo, by the Spider weav'd the filken line.  
 A giddy wand'rer strikes the waving net ;  
 Hitch'd his poor pinions, hitch'd his harmless feet :  
 Quick from his cave, that hid his watchful head,  
 The nimble Tyrant scours along the thread ;  
 Whips from the store-room of his guts a string,  
 And binds his captive's vainly-buzzing wing ;  
 Remorseless deals the bite of death ; and then  
 The *Cacus* drags the victim to his den.

Lo,



Lo, hov'ring in mid sky, the caitiff Kite  
 Sweeps the blue vault; and wheels with watchful flight;  
 A son of rapine, and untaught to spare,  
 The feather'd NIMROD roams the wild of air;  
 At length his searching eyes with joy explore  
 A Hen and chickens near a Farmer's door:  
 Sudden the Tyrant quits th' aërial steep;  
 Down from his sphere he pours with lightning sweep,  
 Each iron talon fills with callow food,  
 And carries off in triumph half the brood.  
 In vain the Parent flutters, capers, cries,  
 And kens her captive Children up the skies;  
 And, lo! in vain the cursing Farmer runs,  
 To send the leaden vengeance from his guns;  
 Safe seeks the Rogue some solitary stone,  
 To tear the trembling flesh, and grind each bone.

Now on the Stream's clear bosom, pr'ythee, peep;  
 See, fly below, the Alligator creep:  
 Whate'er he seizes, yields to Fate's dread laws,  
 Crush'd in his hard inexorable jaws.

These be thy great examples—careful mind 'em,  
 And do not in a tittle lag behind 'em.  
 Be *thou* the Spider, that devours the Flies;  
 Be thou the tyrant Kite, that scours the skies;  
 Be thou the hard-mouth'd subtle Alligator,  
 Th' inexorable Monarch of the Water.

And lo, the Lords of Ocean!—see the Whale  
 On all th' inferior hosts of sea regale!  
 The Shark, the Grampus—how before their eye  
 Th' affrighted under-world of Fishes fly!

Then why not Man, endu'd with giant pow'r,  
 The region of inferior Mortals scour?  
 For thee, then, was all *Cumberland* design'd,  
 The Whale, the Shark, the Grampus of Mankind?

Lo, at thy foot, the People whine and pray—  
 But kick them, LONSDALE—'tis the LOW THER way !  
 Tread on each neck, and deem it but a beast,  
 And emulate the Tyrants of the East.  
 Perchance thou fearest to be d-mn'd, *or so ?*  
 On that, thou shouldst have ponder'd long ago.  
 Look at thy *Boroughs*—not *one* vote alone  
 Can give a CANDIDATE the mob-raisd throne.  
 Thus to the shrine of VIRTUE must be giv'n  
 More than *one* deed, to seat the foul in heav'n.  
 Deem otherwise—it were too mad by half—  
 Lord ! how would \* Shoe-makers and Angels laugh !

With abject pray'r, behold ! WHITEHAVEN plies  
 thee—

Heed not her men—'tis plain they all *despise* thee,  
 For ask thyself, “ Amid this smutty nation,  
 “ What have I done to merit approbation ?

Look !—has CONTRITION swell'd a single eye ?  
 Lift !—from one bosom canst thou hear her sigh ?  
 Nought like a *tear*, and nought resembling *moan* !  
 Knee and mouth penitence, indeed, alone.  
 With voices louder than the common CRYER'S,  
 I hear their hearts abuse their tongues for liars !  
 For, Lord ! how *should* they *like* thee ? who can tell ?—  
 Their noses never caught thy kitchen's smell ;  
 For meat is apt *opinion* to improve,  
 And stomachs form a turnpike-gate to Love.

KITE of the North, again, and yet again,  
 I bid thee spread thy terrors o'er the Plain.  
 Hang o'er those Sparrows with o'ershadowing pride,  
 And bid them trembling in their thatches hide :

\* Shoe-makers are frequently the most respectable Votes in country Boroughs.

O wake thy Plagues, and break the shameful truce :  
Unmuzzle VENGEANCE—let the blood-hound loose,  
To bid HUMANITY, pale fool, adieu,  
And flesh his hunger on the coal-black Crew.  
Thus shall the LOWTHER name again be great,  
Men tremble at the sound, and children sweat;  
High o'er thy walls, to prove a *host*, one slave,  
The lordly flag of TYRANNY shall wave :  
Thus at thy feet shall dumb OBEDIENCE fall,  
And H-LL, in lustre, yield to LOWTHER-HALL.

T H E E N D.



( 10 )

O woe the fabled land of the fabled  
Unhappy Wanderer - the fabled  
To the fabled land of the fabled  
And the fabled land of the fabled  
The fabled land of the fabled  
High over the fabled land  
The fabled land of the fabled  
Thus at the fabled land  
And the fabled land of the fabled



7